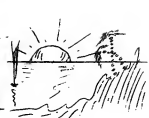




PAN-ARUBAN



WORLD CELEBRATES GOLDEN JUBILEE WEEK

The Golden Jubilee Week in celebration of Thomas Edison's invention fifty years ago of the incandescent lamp was brought to a triumphant climax Oct. 21st with a banquet in Edison's honor, and the largest radio hookup ever conceived to broadcast the speeches in eulogy of Edison and his work.

Henry Ford and his son Edsel Ford, hosts at this celebration, had constructed at Dearborn a replica of Independence Hall, and a power plant and laboratory similar to the one used by Edison in perfecting his invention. The experiment which revolutionized the industrial world and cut a clean path through the turbulent cross streams of our daily life was repeated by Edison. For a short time, while Edison was repeating the experiment, all the lights in the nation were off - a representation of what it would be like if there had been no Edison - then, as the experiment was successfully completed, lights all over the world flashed the tribute of an appreciative humanity. Buildings in various cities were gorgeously lighted with novel electrical displays, while huge searchlights penetrated the darkened country-side for miles around.

Few events of this character have attracted so many notables. Owen D. Young, responsible for the Young Plan of Reparations, acted as toastmaster. Among the luminaries who eulogized Edison were Madame Curie, who spent so much of her energy in the discovery of radium, Professor Einstein, and President Herbert Hoover. In a faltering high pitched voice, almost overcome by the acclaim which had included messages from Von Hindenberg, President of Germany, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Edison accepted humbly the praise of an appreciative world.

MINSTREL & VAUDEVILLE SHOW ANNOUNCED FOR NOVEMBER

The Employees' Ass'n. Entertainment Committee composed of Milt Lumsden, Mills Astin, Art Krottmauer and Henry Grey, have announced that during the last week in November a combined Minstrel & Vaudeville show will be held in the Pan Am Mess Hall. This promises to be the real article. Costumes, scenery and drop curtains are now being prepared, and the color schemes to be used, from all indications, will be fanciful and elaborate. Spotlights will be employed, and the Pan Am Funmakers have been engaged to play the musical scores, throughout the entire performance, and also for the dancing to be held immediately after the curtain drops for the last act.

The Committee has received one of the latest one act plays from Broadway, and rehearsals have already been started. Mills Astin is to be Stage Director, and all of us who are acquainted with him know that with his ability and talent, the show is bound to go over. Twenty seven performers have already been signed up and more expected. There will be comedy sketches, quartets, three or four solo singers and a couple of good hoofers besides such well known acts as "Dot and Dash", "The Patterson Harmony Boys", "The Arabian Happiness Boys," "Ukelele Ike, Jr." and a number of other talented members of the Camp who were not billed on the last entertainment.

The Minstrel itself is being arranged by the Committee and the cast will be entirely composed of local talent. Most of the jokes will be of resident origin, and the boys will have a lot of explaining to do to the "girl friend" after the show is over. Part will be taken from Whitmarks' latest N.Y. Minstrel Shows, together with the musical numbers.

No labor will be too great an effort to put this show over with a bang, for the amusement and enjoyment of our local

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

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 INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

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1 Year - " " " "	2.25
6 Months - Any Address in States	2.50
1 Year - " " " "	4.50
Rates to other countries governed by difference in postage rates	
SINGLE COPIES.....	.05

ADVERTISING RATES:

Written Copy Only - per column inch	.50
Illustrated Copy - " " "	.75

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Russell King,	News Editor
Frank Perkins	Sports Editor
Don Heebner	Feature Writer
R.W.Schlageter	Publisher
Herb. Forcade	Staff Artist
Roy T.O.Nalley	" "

.....

E D I T O R I A L C O M M E N T

"APPRECIATION"

That word of twelve letters is the fine line of demarkation between satisfaction and distaste. Few of us appreciate the things about us, the courtesies extended us or even a smile from a passer-by.

The value of that appreciative outlook on life was brought forcibly to my attention by one who is not quite as fortunate as some, yet who joyously counts the many things that make for his happiness. It would be a brighter life if we followed his example.

None of us appreciate our good health until some misfortune brings its value to our eyes. None of us appreciate the "easy chair" at home until it is replaced by one of the stiff back variety.

It is a characteristic of mankind that nothing is appreciated unless they don't possess it. As soon as possession is had--the appreciation is lost on another fleeting desire.

Satisfaction is proportionate to appreciation. Enumerate your lucky stars--there are smiles in doing so. Appreciate your assets--the liabilities will take care of themselves.

.....

INTER-DEPARTMENT TENNIS.

The Sports Editor has another idea. This time it is competition in tennis between the various departments of the Company. Most of us will agree that competition in various things, sports and others, is used by a large percent of firms in the States to better the spirits of cooperation among the employees. The same thing should have an even greater effect on our little isle.

There are several departments which we know could bring forth worthy representatives; namely: Main Office, Light Oils, Laboratory, High Pressures, Engineering, Superintendents' Office, Skybolt, and no doubt others might be interested. And until shown that he is wrong, the Sports Editor will continue to believe that the Engineering Department can take all comers. He could be wrong, of course.

Here is our suggestion of procedure. Play the matches on Davis Cup plan--three best of five matches, with four singles and one doubles match. The various teams could draw for opponents in the first tournament, deciding the champions by elimination; then the cup-holders in all succeeding tournaments would play only the final or challenge match. We present this to the Employees' Ass'n. for rejection or approval.

.....

Oct. 20th: Major Ralph Sasse was appointed head coach at West Point to succeed Biff Jones at the end of this season.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

It seems to us that there are sufficient reasons for advancing our time in Aruba, solely from a recreational standpoint; and there are possibly other reasons. Recreation is a part of our lives which should receive careful consideration. Few employees will question that. We now have tennis courts, handball courts, a baseball diamond, a nice bathing beach, and a golf course under construction.

With our present arrangement, there scarcely is sufficient time to do justice to any of our various forms of amusement and recreation.

Baseball has practically been dropped, partly due to the fact that the time was insufficient. A relatively small number of people can play tennis before darkness sets in. The handball enthusiasts play almost every evening until it is so dark that the ball can not be seen, and they still are not satisfied. One is rushed to make it to the beach for a swim and back before the evening meal.

Why not set the time up a half hour or more, or commence the day a half hour (or more) earlier with our present time?

.....
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

residents. Rehearsals will go on continuously until the big night. Also this Minstrel & Vaudeville show is to be merely a forerunner of what is to come on the last day of the year when, it is planned, there will be held a "New Year's Eve Party" that will equal any night club show ever put on in the Big Town or elsewhere.

If you are fond of real honest comedy, good singing, intricate dancing, dramatical ability, etc., do not fail to see this performance. A nominal admission will be charged, and the Committee has announced the policy of "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded." There will be no extra charge for the dancing to be held afterwards.

.....
Oct. 20th: Bob Shawkey, former Yankee Pitcher, has been appointed the new Manager for the Yankees, to succeed Miller Huggins who recently died.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF.

You've a friend you have sorely neglected,
He's the very best friend you possess.
The one who is always expected
To shoulder your load of distress.
You have always been good to the others,
Have wished the kind word and smile.
You have made of these strangers your
brothers.
Be good to yourself for a while!

You've sacrificed time, thought and money
On those who forget it too soon.
You have met them with countenance sunny
When he would have thought it a boon.
If you'd only let him share your laughter,
Instead of the weight of your bile.
So remember your best friend hereafter.
Be good to yourself for a while.

There are many to lend and who borrow
Who come to collect or repay.
There are those who forget you tomorrow,
Who meet you with handclaps today.
He knows of your worth and he only
He knows all your merit and guile.
Don't you think that sometimes he is
lonely?
Be good to yourself for a while.

Now you know all the others completely,
As though they were books on your shelf.
But for long you've ignored him too
neatly.
Say, what do you know of yourself?
Is there anyone else who would struggle
To help you along mile on mile?
Then why is it with life you would
struggle?
Be good to yourself for a while.

Be good to yourself, it will pay you,
When you are down in your luck
And everything tries to dismay you.
He will help you out of the truck.
So today with yourself get acquainted,
Put on your friendliest smile.
For you're not half as bad as you're
painted
Be good to yourself for a while.

.....
CHRISTMAS REEL
Any persons desiring Christmas
Trees will please place their order
with Mr. T.C. Brown, who will give the
matter proper attention upon receipt
of a reasonable deposit to cover cost.
This should receive immediate

'AS WE GET IT'

It is with profound regret that we announce the anticipated departure from Aruba of Isaac Cohen, our jovial Stationery Clerk, and his friend Wolfe. These men were pals together back in England, and came out to Aruba something over a year ago, whither their adventuresome natures led them.

Mr. Cohen expects to miss Aruba. "I shall miss the sports most of all," Ike confided to some friends. "I intend joining the Y.M.C.A. to keep on with my physical activities begun here."

It is not known at this writing whether these fellows will go directly to England, or visit in the States first. All depends on the flip of the coin. And how many it will take.

Wolfe, questioning friends about New York, has inquired whether Central Park is open all night. Our advice to one knowing so little about the Metropolis is that he'd better consider Central Park closed to him at all hours. It'll be safer.

.....
The Sewing Circle met October 22d at the home of Mrs. R. Hines.
.....

After one has spent 20 months in the tropics, there is little hesitancy in making up one's mind about taking a vacation. That is what Bill Morris discovered when he got the fever. Bill cautioned us to notify the Commissary if we need not order so many apples and oranges for the next sixty days - he says he'll buy his from a fruit stand in the States. About the time Santa is pulling the hidden snow ball trick, we'll expect Bill back again--until then we hope its a happy vacation.

Charlie and Jack Stanley made the return trip on the "STEWART" and their smiles could be recognized from the entrance of the harbor to the offices. Both have a hunch that a pretty little miss or misses will meet the boat. We hope they won't miss out.

George Soroka and Spencer Carlson, The Indiana Inventory Individuals, while checking up recently on some piping at the Acid Plant, discovered a hen had hidden her nest within a large pipe. The eggs, it seems, were over-ripe, but the boys had no end of trouble convincing the setting hen that she was just wasting her time. Finally they explained politely but firmly that they needed the pipe for refining purposes, whereupon the old hen clucked a little, but gave up her nest in the interest of Oil.

Just as she was cluck-clucking away from the boys, she surprised them by bursting into a loud cackle. "Wasting my time, am I?" she screamed. "Well, how about you," looking straight at George, "how about you when you bought all that Life Buoy soap to bring to Aruba?"

George was speechless, and the hen rambled away, muttering something between her hen's-teeth about "folks living in glass houses."

ARUBA AHEAD AGAIN

It appears that we in Aruba are not only keeping up with the times, but are jumping a little ahead of most of the world. Practically every other spot on this terrestrial globe will wait until Christmas eve to do their carolling, but not so in our Camp. A bunch of boy singers, who had had such a good time at the dance Saturday evening, were so filled with the joy of living they simply could not contain their happiness. So they organized a band of singers to go forth serenading the neighbors. Their efforts were met with various degrees of enthusiasm at the different houses where they called. But all in all the tour of the Camp was a most successful one. That it was a thorough one will be testified to by those members of the Camp who tried to sleep. Numbers were rendered by unheralded soloists, but the concerted numbers, those full choruses which issued from the scores of expanding throats of the singers, certainly exceeded anything ever heard on the Island. Or elsewhere.

IT HAS BEEN RUMORED:

TIGER OF FRANCE NEAR DEATH'S DOOR

THAT if anybody is planning to visit Jake Opsahl, particularly on Sunday mornings, it would be wise to wear shoes for Jake throws tacks on the floor to keep his visitors from leaving. At least, that's what Bill Bennett and Jimmie Beattie claim.

THAT Dave King, our singing iceman, is in training for the supremacy of the ice carrying gentry. Dave can be seen almost any daylight hour with his tape measure and ice pick making sure that no one gets more than the stipulated amount of ice.

THAT Jimmie MacEachern has taken on a new lease of life the last few days; in other words since the "MARACAIBO" returned from Curacao.

THAT somebody hid the bench in back of the Nurses' house; at least it is not to be seen any more.

THAT Val Hasenauer has lost his homesick feeling. This rumor will be run down in an effort to find out the reason.

THAT Tom McHale will start training any time now, what for we don't know, but we do know that a brand new punching bag has just arrived for him.

THAT all beds look alike to Russ King.

.....

Its a true old saying that "There is no place like home." That's the feeling the Misses Eleanor Wade and Claire Hopkins expressed when they returned to Aruba from Curacao. While we'll admit that the reasons are of that feminine sort, we'll not fuss 'cause we're glad they're back.

.....

Oct. 21st: Powerful banking interests fought to save the New York Stock Market from complete demoralization today in one of the wildest storms of selling in history. More than \$2,500,000,000.00 in paper values disappeared during the decline before the Bull forces could put a stop to the downward onslaught. General Electric dropped 20 points, and even steady old U.S.Steel tumbled off ten points.

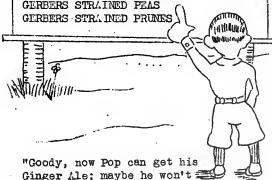
Oct. 20: George Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, was near death on this date and physicians fought to keep him alive with injections of oxygen. The war time premier suffered a sudden stroke of shock Sunday night after he had retired. Dr. Chas. Leubry who operated on Marshall Foch, gravely stated that the 88 year old statesman was on the verge of death. He said that M. Clemenceau was told several times to slacken his work of writing his memoirs, but he characteristically refused. His second attack came one day after he finished the book which he has been engaged in writing since the war, and in which he made some sensational charges, and has tried to vindicate his strong position at the close of the war.

.....

Oct. 20th: Algeria. Moorish tribesmen have made another raid on French troops on the South Slopes of the Atlas Mts.

"JUST ARRIVED AT THE COMMISSARY"

TENNIS BALLS	BORAX SOAP
GINGER ALE	DEXTRI MALTOSE
FACE CLOTHS	DATES
DUST PANS & BRUSHES	
2-in-1 SHOE DRESSING	
EGG NOODLES	ANCHOVY PASTE
BUTTER CHOCOLATES	LIVER EXTRACT
	LENOX SOAP
GERBERS STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP	
GERBERS STRAINED SPINACH	
GERBERS STRAINED CARROTS	
GERBERS STRAINED PEAS	
GERBERS STRAINED PRUNES	



"Goody, now Pop can get his Ginger Ale; maybe he won't be so cranky."

SPORTS

LOCAL STARS DISPORT IN TENNIS TREAT

Eight of the elite of the local tennis world entertained on the courts during the past Sunday afternoon. Brilliant tennis was displayed at times, with some woefully listless performances at other times. All in all it was an interesting afternoon for those of us who enjoy watching tennis as it should be played.

Rutz played consistent tennis to win his match from Ken Myers, 6-2, 6-4. The best match of the afternoon--Schulenberg vs. Roebuck--was interrupted by darkness with sets at one all, and games at four all on the third set.

Scores:

Boom defeated Hopkins 6-4, 7-5
 Roebuck vs. Schulenberg--called.
 Rutz defeated Myers 6-2, 6-4

Cross-Rutz defeated Myers-Clague 6-2, 6-3.

Clague defeated Cross 4-6, 6-2, 6-0.

.....

FOOT BALL SCORES

Oct. 19, 1929

Army 20	Harvard 20
California 12	Pennsylvania 7
Carnegie 0	W. & J. O
Navy 31	Duke 13
New York U. 7	Penn State 0

.....

SATURDAY OCTOBER 12, 1929

Intersectional

Carnegie Tech 33	Western Reserve 0
Colgate 31	Michigan State 0
Georgetown 13	St. Louis U. 0
Georgia 15	Yale 0
Minnesota 15	Vanderbilt 6
Notre Dame 14	Navy 7
Nebraska 13	Syracuse 6

Middle West

Chicago 13	Indiana 7
Illinois 45	Bradley 0
Kansas 38	Emporia Teach. 0
Marquette 7	Grinnell 0
Missouri 19	Iowa State 0
Northwestern 7	Wisconsin 0
Ohio State 7	Iowa 6
Oklahoma 26	Creighton 0
Purdue 30	Michigan 16

South

Alabama 46	Chattanooga 0
Baylor 19	Stewards 0
North Carolina 18	Georgia Tech 7
Tennessee 52	Mississippi 7
Texas 27	Arkansas 7
Texas A&M 19	Kansas Aggies 0
Tulane 34	Miss. A&M 0
Virginia 12	Swarthmore 7

Far West

California 14	Wash. State 0
Colorado 19	Colorado Teachers 0
Denver 19	Wyoming 6
Oregon 34	Williamette 0
Oregon State 71	Columbia 7
So. Cal. 48	Washington 0
Stanford 57	So.Br.U.of Cal. 0

East

Army 23	Davidson 7
Columbia 52	Wesleyan 0
Cornell 40	Hamden-Sydney 6
Dartmouth 53	Alleghany 0
Fordham 27	New York Univ. 0
Harvard 85	New Hampshire 0
Holy Cross 20	Rutgers 3
Penn 14	Virginia P.I. 8
Penn State 26	Marshall 7
Pittsburg 27	West Virginia 7
Villanova 7	Boston College 7
W. & J. 14	Bucknell 6

BRIDGE - Revised Rules
by George LoOdense
KELLOGG

1. Pick up your cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid ahead of the others.
2. If your hand is rotten, mention it. It will guide your partner in his bid and play.
3. If your partner bids first, don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.
4. Never hurry. Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.
5. Occasionally ask what is trump. It will show you are interested in the game.
6. Don't show lack of interest when you are dummy. Help your partner out with suggestions.
7. Walk around the table when you are dummy and look at the other hands. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can take if they play right.
8. Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes for good fellowship.
9. Feel free to criticize your partner. He will do much better as a result.
10. Always trump your partner's tricks. Never take a chance.
11. Don't try to remember rules. It is too confusing. Disagree with established rules and conventions. People then will know you are a person of independent mind.
12. If it is a money game always stop when you are ahead. It will leave a lasting impression.
13. Always explain your plays, particularly when set. It shows your card knowledge.
14. Eat chocolate caramels or other adhesive candy while playing. It keeps the cards from skidding.

ARUBA BETTER THAN HEAVEN

Saint Peter, we are told on the highest authority, has arranged a beautiful pair of pearly gates to greet the eyes of new comers to the Great Beyond.

Not to be outdone by St. Peter, our Personnel Department has gone him one better, and now have a series of three swinging gates to greet new comers to our Refinery.

Heaven will have to step some if they hope to keep ahead of us here in Aruba.

VOLCANO THREATENS MARTINIQUE

Oct. 20th: For the third time within a month residents in towns near Mount Pelee on the French Island of Martinique have been ordered to flee their homes because of renewed outbreaks of the volcano.

This is getting rather close to home, and we trust Mount Hooiberg won't get playful and bubble over too.

MONSTER AIR CRAFT TAKES TO AIR

Oct. 21st The huge twelve motored flying boat that was recently launched at Altenrhein, Switzerland, made an amazing one hour flight with a human load of 169. It is planned to make a trans-Atlantic flight in the near future.

Samuel Lunn Easton, Purveyor of Pt rolls, returned Wednesday morning from a sojourn to his home in England. Mr. Easton reports a delightful vacation, and many happy experiences among his kith and kin. One amusing incident he tells about his meeting a vory charmin young lady with his mother; a pretty thing she was, and S. L. was falling for hor when his Mother spoiled it all by saying, "Don't you remember Mary, your sister Mary?" Easton has been away since the young lady, now 20, was 12. His stay in England did not change his idea concerning socks--they are les still conspicuous by their absence in ek-hat

There was a terrific rush of business in the Camp barbar shops and beauty parlors Wednesday night. The owners of these establishments could not understand why the rush but it was disclosed the next morning when Duckett with his high-powered camera was seen photographing the entire clerical force of the Refinery.

STATISTICS FOR THE STATISTICAL.

Below we are listing a few facts entirely gleaned from a nautical book concerning Aruba. The book we believe was printed in England, and while many of the purported facts are known to be true, still some of them would appear as if they have been here sometime, as if lined to be fiction more than facts. In any rate, here they are as the book has them:

Aruba lies 42 miles westward from Guayaquil. It is 17 miles in length, in the northwest and southeast direction, from 1 to five miles in breadth; the extremities are level and very low, but the middle of it is of moderate height.

Pan de Azucar (Sugar Loaf Hill) or Cerro, so named from its shape, 575 feet in height, is visible in clear weather from a distance of 18 to 20 miles at sea.

The southern side of the island is fringed by a chain of low bushy cays, which extend from Oranjestad to St. Nicolas Bay. About three miles westward from the eastern end they terminate in a rocky islet considerably higher than the others. 200 yards from here, the water is so deep that there is no bottom with lead. From the eastern end of the island for a distance of about 1 1/2 miles off shore, sunken rocks named the Iza del Indio are said to exist.

Punta Colorado is the southern point of Aruba Island.

Oranjestad, the principal village of Aruba, lies on the eastern shore of the Oran Bay.

Industries--Ostrich and turtle tanning are carried on in Aruba. The exports consist of coal, straw hats, cotton and cotton seeds, cloves, manioc, sweet potatoes, yams and skins.

We might add that we have it on our pretty good authority that considerable quantities of petroleum products are shipped from a refinery established at the southern end of the island. And we believe we are still adhering to the truth when saying that many of the island's most ardent tennis and bathing fans reside at a point not far from the refinery, a little to the southeast to be exact, where they display their cunning in their favorite arts seven days of

A R U B A N M I N S T R E L S

End Man: "Say, Mr. Interlocutor, can you tell me why no girls go bathing in the surf on the other side of this island?"

Interlocutor: "Why, I don't know, Mr. Bones. Why is it no girls go bathing in the surf over on the other side of this island?"

End Man: "Well, being's as there aint no road, they know before hand that they're gonna have to walk home."

Interlocutor: "That's a very good reason. Now, Mr. Bones, perhaps you can answer my question. Tell me, why is it they refer to those buildings in which the Bachelors live as the "Bachelors' Quarters?"

End Man: "Lordy, man, you got me, 'less its 'cause those Bachelors aint got no Better Half."

Interlocutor: "Not a bad guess, but not quite right."

End Man: "Well, I gives up. Why does they call 'em the Bachelors' Quarters?"

Interlocutor: "Because there is going to be four of them."

End Man: "You win, but speaking of Bachelor Quarters, did you hear what started the fight up there last night?"

Interlocutor: "No, I didn't know they had a fight up there last night."

End Man: "Yes, sir! One guy bet another that this was the largest Refinery in the world, and the second one he done bet it wasn't."

Interlocutor: "What did they do then?"

End Man: "Well, sir, they called in a third party to settle the argument. "Sure, this is the biggest Refinery in the world," he said, "Why, its the biggest development since Sophie Tucker." "And the fight was on."

NON-STOP FLIGHT

By the Parrot

(Continued from last week)

For the benefit of those who have not received their christening of the air, let me tell you, honestly, how it feels to fly. If I wished to make it dramatic, I could tell you lots of bunk, but those who really want bunk can do no better than to read a few stories in such magazines as "Sky Riders" or "Aces." They will be satisfied. I am genuinely truthful as becomes an honest parrot.

Being in the air affords absolutely no sensation. It is devoid of the impression of speed as one has no point for comparison. One feels as if one was hanging from the sky by an invisible thread and remaining perfectly motionless, except for occasional little ups and downs like in an elevator or bumps not more impressive than when one is in a small boat on a rough sea. Meanwhile the landscape below unravels very slowly like one sees in panoramic exhibitions at a fair.

Oranjestad was coming towards me, and lo, alongside lay a few black towers. In the distance I mistook them for my home once. How was this possible? Had men, the crawling ants, carried a few of their monuments at this side of the island while I was on my flight? It seemed incredible, but here they were, spitting the same black smoke that smelled bad—but was so pretty.

Frantically I took my bearings. My gyro seemed perfectly sound, my altimeter honest, my speed recorder true. I pulled out my chart that hung from my neck and saw clearly that alongside of Oranjestad was marked an agglomeration called "Eagle." An eagle was a bird, a big one, bigger than a pelican. I had never seen one, but I heard of sad tales related by brothers of mine exported from South American Continent. Eagles had indeed a very bad reputation as far as parrots were concerned. My blood froze as I saw that I had arrived right over the place called Eagle. Suddenly dismayed I lost so much altitude that I found myself right in the midst of the black smoke that smelled bad—and did not look pretty a tall.

I suffocated to such an extent that I

But what I believed would be the death of me was what saved me. I hit a smoke screen. Amidst its darkness I was completely concealed. Any eagle waiting below would be disappointed. I had disappeared as completely as if I had been swallowed up.

I steadied my controls and keeping in the path of the smoke screen, I proceeded going up and west. Little by little, the screen became less dense. I could breathe a little air though it was still mixed with acrid exhalations. When it had melted and I found myself in the open, I was above Oranjestad, safe, sound and immensely grateful.

But what a mess I was in. My pretty green and red wings, my lovely yellow head, my blue breast, my orange tail, were black. I wasn't a parrot anymore, I was a black bird.

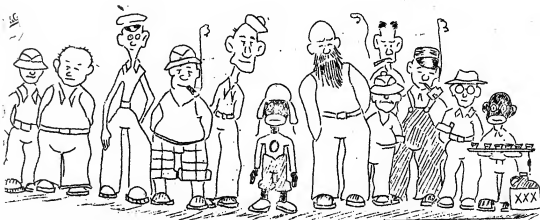
Had I followed my impulse, I have dove into the sea and cleaned myself, but my heart is brave and constant. I had started on a non-stop flight; I would finish it.

From Oranjestad to San Nicholas is a hard bit of flying. Having no air re-fueling station, I was getting rather tired. I pondered over the problem of my course for a few moments and decided to make a beeline for Hooiberg at a low altitude so as to remain sheltered. Then passing above the summit to take the wind and drift home.

This I did very successfully. I had the keen pleasure from over Hooiberg to see the entire sixty nine square miles of Aruba. I felt so thrilled I shrieked in triumph. It brought two goats that were occupied at semaphore signaling right on the top rock to stumble and roll down a few yards.

I made a perfect three point landing on my flying field—back of the mess hall. Home at last!

I had not forgotten that I was sadly dirty, and when I discarded my helmet and goggles, I jumped into an old can providentially filled with water. I was still in my bath when the Reporter of the PAN-ARUBAN was shown in. I received him cordially. After he had written down my interview, and taken a few photographs, he bestowed upon me the greatest honor any Arubianer of the Yankees. The wire from the Club was sent collect to him in the wilds of Canada.



"FORMER COLLEGE STARS PLAY PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL IN TROPICS!"

—HEADLINE

Our artist has given us his conception above of a headline in a prominent daily paper. Each man has been chosen for his ability shown on College teams, representing, as it were, a virtual All-American Team of all time.

The picture was snapped just before the game. From left to right we'll give you the personnel of the tropical team, selected a la Rockne style:

The little fellow on the end is Kupp, Right End, vainly trying to remember how that old ditty, "Minnesota Hail to Thee" goes.

The second man is "Natie" Holland, Right Guard, the flower of the southern conference, who knows more about horses and their accessories than the trainer who named "Charlie's Horses."

Number 3 with that "Do or Die for Dear Old Rutgers" look is our old friend and tackle Bill Johnson. Bill lost some teeth in an early scrimmage. He says you mustn't use your teeth in football.

The little pyramid, fourth from left is Pete Jackson, Missouri Ace, who never smokes except during training season. Pete was chief hope of the Tigers till the dean discovered him in a clinch and thought it advisable to shift him from Fullback to Left Guard, where his ability would be more advantageously utilized.

Wladimir Kolesko let's the gent with the

tackle, especially when he was "going down" under punts.

The next is Reg Miller, Left End, who got that way from being here so long, waiting for the game. The "0" on the jersey approximates his score in the last game.

The Grand Old Man of Sport is no other than Wash MacDonald, hand ball artist, who is holding something out on the boys--his crib sheet--he couldn't remember whether it was on the football field or in the class room that he used this. Wash is center since he holds that geometric position in most things.

Russ King, the diminutive Quarter-Back, is trying to recall the signals before crutching in the huddle. Try and get a quarter back from Russ. His off-side play on the coral flats almost won him a permanent seat on the bench.

Walker, Full back, with the Dawes get up, was told by the coach to keep running once he got started. Dwain followed the advice, and nearly won the Pyle Derby.

No need saying that the fellow in back is Bill Aldie, who has more hours of Chicago scrimmaging to his credit than the next one; or that the half back next to Walker is that international star, Scott Haynes, who put the amps in Tampico.

And of course "Nicomachus" on the end.